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SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR.



THE "Sailor's Snug Harbor," on Staten Island, is a charitable institution for aged or infirm seamen, pleasantly located about a mile west of New Brighton. The buildings are in the Grecian style, with marble fronts; the main building, 65 by 100 feet, has marble pillars in front, and is connected by corridors with wings of 53 by 100 feet. Cost of construction \$115,000. The institution was founded in 1801, by Robert Richard Randell of New-York, who bequeathed 22 acres for this purpose in the

15th ward, which at that time was of comparatively little value, but now has increased to an immense estate. Connected with the building is a farm of 160 acres. In the yard fronting the edifice is an elegant monument to the memory of the founder. No worthy applicant has ever yet been rejected. There are here at present 110 of the sons of Neptune, many of whom have dropped their last anchor, have found a snug port for life.—*Historical Collections of the State of New-York.*

TALES.

THE GIPSY MOTHER. Or, the Miseries of Enforced Marriage. CHAPTER V.

WHILE Denzil lay in a precarious condition, he was greatly agitated by the information that Fanny had been frightened by the tale of a Gipsy man whom she met in the street.

The appearance of Fanny too plainly indicated that this mysterious personage had extended the same warning to her which had destroyed Denzil's peace. The agitation that Fanny's unhappiness wrought in his mind was soon observed by the surgeon, who insisted that the patient must not be disturbed.

In the meantime Ned brought Denzil a letter from his mother, in which she expressed a strong desire to see her son, but was unwilling to encounter Mr. Levison, fearing that he would set enquiries on foot which would lead to the arrest and punishment of her father.

At length Denzil had so far recovered as to ride out with Mr. Levison, and, on his return, he sent Ned for a cabriolet, in which he was seated before Mr. Levison had a suspicion of his intention to go out again.

"Where are you going, Denzil?" he exclaimed; "you must be out of your mind, surely, to think of going out at this time of night; and to answer no earthly purpose that I can see."

"Probably not," replied Denzil, "but I have a little business to do—so adieu for the present; I shall not be long before I am back again."

The carriage drove on until it stopped at the door of one of those large wretched habitations which can be found only in the suburbs of Paris, appearing infinitely more gloomy and wretched than an humble dwelling, from its union with poverty, dirt and misery.

Denzil shuddered as he passed up the large and dark staircase. Several heads were put out from the innumerable doors that opened upon it, and he shuddered still more at the faces which glanced

upon him, all, seemingly, in expectation that his visit was intended to them; but Ned continued to ascend, and it was not till they reached their last landing that he pointed to a door, and whispered, "That is her place."

Denzil could scarcely speak, but he ordered Ned to go down stairs and wait for him; and then, with a trembling hand, knocked at the door. A confused noise, which he heard at first, ceased for a moment, and a shrill voice called "Entrez."

Denzil lifted the latch, but he was about to retreat, from the belief that he had mistaken the room, for, instead of the deserted and gloomy place he had anticipated, and instead of the mourning and solitary inhabitant, he beheld, a table covered with bottles and glasses, occupying nearly the whole of the middle of the room, which certainly, in every other respect, was wretched and miserable enough.

Around this table were seated four or five men, whose noisy conversation Denzil's unexpected appearance seemed to have suspended. A female, who was sitting on a low stool at the fireside, instantly started up, uttered a faint scream, and flew to meet him. It was his mother! but what a place to meet her in!

The men departed, on a hint from Elinor, and Denzil was left alone with his mother.—For some moments both preserved silence. Denzil glanced round the apartment, and then ventured to fix his eyes on that countenance which he had so longed, so ardently wished to see. He beheld a woman scarcely past the middle age, but faded, evidently, more by care than time. Her features were still eminently beautiful, and her form still retained its symmetrical proportions; but her eyes were sunk, and though they now shone with almost preternatural brightness, it was evidently under the influence of extraordinary excitement; and it was heightened, too, by the deep flush, which rendered the rouge that loaded her cheek unnecessary and useless at the present moment. Her dress, though gaudy as to its general effect, was composed of the most paltry materials; and her whole appearance was such as Denzil would, had he casually met her in his walks, have turned from with pity and disgust, under an impression that she was a victim and a votary of vice and dissipation.

"You have come at an unfortunate moment," she observed, in a trembling voice; "my unhappy father—"

"Your father," exclaimed Denzil, starting.

"Yes, that was my father," she replied; "did you not recognize him? But I do not, wonder that you did not, for he has been drinking incessantly since he got the money you sent him, and it makes him——" she burst into tears, unable to proceed.

"There is one question—forgive me if I solemnly implore you to answer me with sincerity—Is that man YOUR FATHER? I mean, is your father the only companion you have? the—the person of whom you have all along spoken—to whom you have alluded——"

"Certainly," she exclaimed, with a look of extreme surprise. "To whom—what did you think? Surely—surely! Oh, my son—did you—could you think——"

She threw herself into his arms, in a transport of tears and grief, and Denzil pressed her with fervor to his bosom.

"My mother, my dear mother!" he exclaimed. "Oh, what a load, what a burthen you have taken off my mind! I knew not that it was your father—your REAL father, who was your companion, though I heard him speak of his Elinor—his daughter. Oh, mother, these are tears of joy, of pride, at finding that your heart is so susceptible of that feeling of filial duty——"

"Which has been my ruin?" she replied, with vehemence; "yes, to him I may attribute my present condition—it is for him that I have become the wretch—the miserable wretch which you behold me! But for him I should now be innocent and happy, and you would never have lived to blush for your mother! You start, my child, but if you have heard, as I imagine you have, all the particulars of my unhappy history from Mr. Levison, you must have heard that it was to that man, who I unfortunately call my father; that it was to his importunities—his cruelly exercised authority, that I yielded, when I became the wife of that generous, that ill-requited man, whose honor, and—whose life," she added, in a deep and hollow tone, "were sacrificed—cruelly and basely sacrificed! Think my child, what must be my feelings to live in constant, nay, hourly association with one whose hands are stained with the blood of his friend—of his benefactor—of my husband!!! Yes, he was my husband—a kind, a generous, a devoted husband, to the wretch who had deceived him."

"Of whom, of what do you speak?" exclaimed Denzil, in amazement. "I know not to what you allude, or what horrible mystery I have yet to learn. But there is one question that I am most anxious to have answered—you have told me that I must regard her whom I have ever regarded as the daughter of my adopted father, as my sister. But then who am I? and why, if she is treated as a daughter, am I regarded as an alien?"

"She is not his daughter," Elinor replied; "what has been his motives for calling her such, I know not. She is your sister, born at the same time with you, and, therefore if possible, more dearly and nearly connected with you."

Denzil traversed the room in an agony which his mother could not misapprehend, and which she feared to increase by any farther observation.

"Then, if I understand you aright," he observed, suddenly stopping, "Mr. Levison has no right to the title of parent?"

"Certainly not; he has no claim upon you or your sister, except that which his unexampled gen-

erosity and benevolence has given him; and is it possible that you are so imperfectly acquainted with the circumstances of your birth as not to know that your mother was the wretched wife of Augustus Levison, the elder brother of him to whom you are indebted, not only for all the advantages you now enjoy, but even for existence, for your mother left you to the mercy of that world which has had no compassion on her. But think not that she fled because she was conscious of the horrible crime which was laid to her charge.—It is true that she could have cleared herself by declaring the truth; but, in so doing, she must have condemned her father—she could not do that, and so she fled."

"Then he was the murderer?" exclaimed Denzil; "that man at whose very voice my heart seemed to revolt, he——"

"Yes," she replied, in a low and hurried tone; "to you I dare acknowledge the truth—acknowledge what tortures would not wring from me, for I feel certain that the horrible secret will not be used to his disadvantage. My son, may I trust you?" and she looked wildly in his face.

"You may," returned Denzil, with emphasis; "but I would first ask you to whom do I owe my birth?"

She hid her face with her hands for some moments while sighs of the bitterest agony seemed to suffocate the words she would have uttered.

"To answer your question," she at length articulated, "it will be necessary that I retrace scenes and events, which years of misery, of shame, and of suffering, have not erased from my memory. At an early age I lost my only friend, my mother. She was the gentlest, the meekest being that ever breathed; and though my spirit sometimes, even when a child, revolted against the tyranny of my father, and the blind implicit submission to his will which he exacted from her, yet I, unconsciously imbibed the same terror of his frown—the same habit of implicit dependence upon, and obedience to his dictates, even though my feelings and understanding would have led me to judge and to act differently. Yet it was not by violence alone that he established his empire (for so I may truly call it) over me. With my mother, indeed, the bare indication of his will was a law; but with me he would condescend to employ argument and persuasion; and few, I believe, ever possessed such powers of making "the worse appear the better cause" as he did.—My mother's death left me still more dependent on him, still more exposed to the influence of his vile sophistry, yet it did not corrupt my heart, although it influenced my conduct.

"I was not sixteen when I accompanied my father, who went to join the regiment to which he had been appointed in his medical capacity. It is now no vanity in me to say that at that period I possessed more than an ordinary share of personal beauty. My father's free and convivial manners, and the fame of his beautiful daughter, soon made our apartment the rendezvous of all the gay and unthinking among the officers who were his associates, and of these he secretly pointed out to me more than one as worth taking pains to secure.

"My heart, however, soon made its own selection. I was then little more than sixteen—your father was twenty-six—and, even at that early age had acquired the highest reputation for gallantry and skill in his profession. He was of a noble family, too—the heir of a peerage, and in the expectancy of an ample fortune; and when I add to this

that his person was strikingly handsome, and his manners and accomplishments of the most superior order, it will not appear surprising that I should, from his first introduction, regard him with peculiar favor.

"Our first meeting was, indeed, decisive of my fate. I had often heard of him—had heard traits of his generosity and feeling, and anecdotes of his bravery, in abundance, recited in the after-dinner conversations between my father and his guests. He had never been of our parties, and it so happened that, for nearly three months, I had never had any nearer view of him than when on horseback, surrounded by all those who were proud of his friendship, and contending for his notice. I saw his person fully—but I need not attempt to describe him, for in you I see him again before me.

"I met him at a house of mourning, and his conduct there raised him higher than ever in my favor. He waited upon me home; and from that period he was a constant visitor. Frederick, for that was the name by which I learned to call him, had never in words told me that he loved me, but every look and action declared it. The veil was soon withdrawn. Frederick absented himself the whole of one day. I was wretched, and my father uneasy. He called at his lodgings, and was told that he had received letters from England, and was then busily engaged in writing, but that he would be with us at breakfast next morning. He arrived, and required the company of my father alone. They were shut up together for more than two hours. I knew not what was the nature of their conversation. At length they both appeared.—Frederick soon left us, and then my father stated that some of his 'good natured friends' in England had written to Frederick, cautioning him against marrying me, and threatening him with the loss of his estate if he did so.

"And does he think that I would consent?" I exclaimed, with mingled agony and indignation.

"Stop—let us have no heroics!" cried my father. "It will be sufficient for you to know that you are his wife, without assuming the title, and exposing him to the resentment of his friends. In a few days I shall accompany you to——. The priest there, for a liberal compensation, will perform the marriage ceremony, which he will also keep secret; and then let the world think what it will, until the time comes when he shall be able openly to avow his alliance with you."

"I felt shame both for my father and for Frederick; but, as might be expected, my father's arguments and authority, and my love for Frederick, prevailed over my scruples—the scheme was carried into effect, and I was united to the man I adored."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Denzil, with a rapture he could not express; "I need not blush to own my mother."

She shook her head mournfully, and proceeded.

"I was so complete a novice as not to be aware that a marriage ceremony, performed in private by a Catholic priest, was, in fact, no marriage; and, satisfied that I was really his wife, I became, by degrees, perfectly reconciled.

"My father hired a handsome house, for the expenses of which Frederick was responsible—and thither we removed. I now fancied myself happy, beyond the reach of fate—but I soon saw that Frederick was not. His love for me seemed to suffer no diminution; on the contrary, his tenderness seemed to increase; yet he was restless, uneasy,

and, at times, gloomy to a degree that excited a thousand vague fears and terrors in my mind. Frequently I caught his eyes fixed on me, with an expression of melancholy and regret that I in vain attempted to assign a motive for; and once I recollect being awakened from a peaceful sleep, by his warm tears dropping on my face as he watched over me. But too soon was this explained. I was distracted at learning that he had been appointed to the command of a regiment destined for a distant service, and that it was absolutely impossible for me to accompany him. At first, my father appeared grieved and vexed; but he soon became reconciled to the arrangement, and I was obliged to be satisfied with the promise that I should join Frederick as soon as it were practicable. I parted from him with tolerable fortitude, but I saw, though he strove to appear calm and composed, that he was, in reality, greatly agitated. Alas! little did I think that he was then quitting me forever; and that what I considered the effect of his tenderness and love for me, were the pangs of remorse and shame at having deceived me!

"With him fled every vestige of happiness or even comfort. My father returned at once to his riotous and intemperate habits. I had no female associates, and our house was perfectly filled with the most dissolute and profligate of the other sex. At length I ventured to remonstrate—but my father treated my observations with contempt, and sneered at my prudish affectation. I hinted that my husband would not be pleased were he to know that I was thus exposed to insults. Never shall I forget the sarcastic sneer with which my father repeated the word 'husband.'

"It is quite time to dismiss all that nonsense from your mind Elinor," he added; "you surely cannot have been so foolish as to believe that you had any real claim to the title of wife—I mean LEGAL claim."

"What followed I know not. I cannot pretend to recollect or to describe the rage, the agony—oh, no—words cannot paint what I felt during the explanation which followed. Yet it was not so much for my own degradation and utter ruin I mourned, as for him who had thus disgraced himself by stooping to such base arts to lure me to destruction. It appeared, from my father's confession, that he had suggested the plan of a pretended marriage merely to save my scruples. He had no alternative, he said, between this and utter ruin—for he had contracted obligations which he could not discharge, and he feared Frederick would withdraw his assistance. This was false—I knew it was false—for I know that Frederick recoiled, at first, with terror from the base proposals of my unnatural parent, who literally sold his child for a sum which he squandered at the gaming-table. I am well assured of this, for my wretched father has since, in a moment of temporary remorse, unfolded the whole of the black and revolting secret to me."

A long pause ensued, but Elinor was aroused from her reverie by the voice of Denzil, who, in the tenderest accents, endeavored to soothe and console her, and she again proceeded.

"A few weeks only had elapsed from the period which consigned me to shame and misery, before my father was dismissed from the situation he held with ignominy and disgrace. A small sum only remained of the money appropriated by your father, for my support, with which we retreated to England, where we hoped to remain unknown.

"I knew not, (for he seldom communicated any of his plans to me,) what were his real intentions at the time that accident threw us in the way of Mr. Levison, the brother of your benefactor. The result of that occurrence you know—I became his wife—but you can never know the wretchedness, the heart-rending pangs with which I consented to this step. My feelings towards Mr. Levison, were, at first, only those of dislike and aversion, but his excessive generosity and indulgence, and the openness and integrity of his character, contrasted with my father's tyranny and total want of principle, enforced my respect. I tried to shut my eyes to the past, and to look forward to the future, as offering the prospects of a life of comfort and respectability, I determined to devote my whole cares to make the life of my husband and those dependant on him, happy—but from this dream I was fearfully awakened. Had I consulted the dictates of my own heart, I should have fled from his presence, and avoided, at least, hearing his reproaches; but my fatal habit of dependance on and subjection to my father's councils, kept me wavering until it was too late. My husband became gloomy and estranged from me, though apparently unable or unwilling to believe the full extent of his misfortune. He accused my father of the deception we had practised—my father attempted to soothe him—to persuade him of his own innocence—he tried too to plead for me—to represent me as the victim of an unprincipled man; but Mr. Levison's violence at finding that that which he had still 'hoped against hope,' was confirmed beyond a doubt, transported him beyond the bounds of reason.

"At the commencement of the conversation which led to this disclosure, I fainted away; when I recovered, I was in my room and alone. I recalled to my recollection the scene I had quitted, the rage of Mr. Levison, and the deep dark look which had dwelt on my father's brow; I arose to listen, but all was silent, and I dreaded to meet any of the servants—all of whom I conceived were, by this time in possession of my secret.

"Under this impression, I stole down the stairs to the door of the room in which I had left my father and Mr. Levison. All was silent—I tried to enter, but it was locked. A vague and dreadful fear took possession of my mind. I was about to scream for help, when a thought suddenly darted across my mind that I could enter from the terrace, through the windows. Thither I flew rather than ran, I entered, and beheld Mr. Levison stretched on the ground in the agonies of death. Seated on a chair, opposite, was my father, apparently stupified and irresolute how to act.

"The sight of me seemed to recall his senses. 'Fool!' he exclaimed, in a low agitated tone; 'What are you come here for? He is dying in a fit; but if you are seen here, we shall both be ruined—destroyed! Did any one see you enter?'

"I shook my head wildly, for I could not utter a word.

"Go back then quickly! for your life, go back! and do not stir till I come to you! Hasten, if you do not wish to destroy yourself and me!"

"I obeyed him—I know not why I obeyed him, or how my trembling limbs supported me to my chamber; but when I reached it, I again for a time, found respite from misery in insensibility. I did not, however, it appeared, escape wholly unseen. My own maid—a good, kind-hearted maid, had seen me retreat from the room, and that circumstance gave

color to the suspicion which was soon raised, that I had been accessory to, or a passive witness of the dreadful deed that had been perpetrated.

"Within a few hours of Mr. Levison's death, you and your sister saw the light. Until the moment I beheld you, I had prayed incessantly to die—but now, oh! how changed were my feelings! I longed to retire to some spot, and enjoy in retirement the presence of my children. But these visions were too soon banished by the certainty of the dreadful fate that awaited me, and which the pity and affection of the kind-hearted girl, who had attended me with unexampled tenderness, had hitherto concealed from me.

"The manner of Mr. Levison's death had excited suspicions in the minds of his domestics, that he had been unfairly dealt with—my father saw the dangerous precipice on which he stood and fled; having first secured every valuable which he could appropriate to himself.

"I heard that the brother of Mr. Levison had arrived at the Hall; and that his sorrow for the untimely fate of his brother was only appeased by the hope of bringing his murderers to justice. By the assistance of my maid, I succeeded in making my escape, and at the expiration of three days I found myself in London; a place to which I was a total stranger, without a friend to advise or to direct me!"

Here poor Elinor paused in her narrative, to give vent to her tears. She then went on and related her whole history of wandering and sorrow, since she had left the house of Mr. Levison. Language cannot describe the feelings which had agitated the bosom of Denzil, during this narrative; but it was ended, and pity and filial affection banished every other feeling.

"We will never part again!" he observed, as he took the hand of his mother, "yet to-night I must return—but to-morrow, my dear mother, I will finally arrange my departure, and ere to-morrow night you will see me again."

"Till to-morrow, then," she exclaimed, hastily, "I will bid you adieu—for I hear my father coming; and I do not wish you to meet at this moment."

Denzil had as little inclination to the interview as she had, and he readily followed her directions to retire into a small closet on the landing-place, until the old man should have entered the room, by which means he would avoid meeting him on the stairs. The heart of Denzil seemed to chill as he heard him, in passing, inquire what she had done with that boy? but the door was immediately closed, and he could only indistinctly hear the hum of their voices. He was opening the closet-door, when the sound of the old man's voice suddenly raised, as if in a violent paroxysm of rage, arrested his attention. He stood still to listen, intending to rush into the room if he heard anything further; but he had scarcely made the resolution before a violent scream thrilled through his ear, and his mother, covered with blood, rushed past him and down the stairs, before he could stop her, or make her sensible that he was still near to assist and protect her. As quickly as his trembling limbs would allow him, he followed her down the dark stair-case; but she had already reached the street, and had sunk upon the ground exhausted with loss of blood. Several people had collected around her, and it was discovered that she had received a wound in her neck, apparently from a knife. A surgeon came,

who, at sight of Denzil's well-filled purse, offered to have the unfortunate woman conveyed to his own house, where she would meet with every attention which her critical situation demanded. As soon as she was able to speak, Denzil begged her to promise never to hold any more intercourse with her father.

"I will not, as I hope for salvation; I will not!" cried she, eagerly catching his hand and pressing it to her lips.

"Then you are henceforward wholly my care," he exclaimed, affectionately returning her salute.

The surgeon at this moment entered the room, and his looks unequivocally expressed his surprise; but Denzil offered no apology or explanation. He felt, indeed, none was due to a person who acted only from the impulses of self-interest, and he therefore left him to draw what inferences he thought proper from what he had witnessed.

On his way home Denzil heard raised voices in the street, and soon after saw Ned leading along Tyrrel, and swearing vengeance against him if he did not immediately show him where his master was. The joy of Ned, at seeing his master safe and sound, was unbounded. After severely reproofing Tyrrel for his late brutal behavior, Denzil agreed to meet him on the next day at the place where he had met Delaney and Denzil previously.

It was considerably past midnight when Denzil and his servant reached home. To his great surprise, however, no one except the porter of the hotel, was up to receive him; and on inquiry, he learned that the family had retired to bed, at their usual hour, without any direction having been given respecting him, or any anxiety expressed to be informed of his return.

In the morning, Denzil was first at the breakfast table, and in considerable anxiety, he awaited the appearance of his friends.

At length, Mr. Levison entered the room alone; but, instead of expressing either pleasure or surprise at seeing him, he replied to Denzil's salutation with formality and coldness, and seating himself at the table, contrary to his usual custom, commenced taking his breakfast. Denzil was astonished and confounded. Involuntarily his eyes were turned to the door, expecting to see either Miss Levison or Fanny, but they came not, and at length he ventured to inquire whether they were well.

"Yes, sir, perfectly well," was Mr. Levison's laconic reply.

Denzil, for some moments, remained silent; but he reflected that, in so doing, he was tacitly acknowledging the justice of that resentment, which, it was plain, dictated Mr. Levison's extraordinary reserve, and he therefore resolved to demand, at once, an explanation.

"What have I done, my dear sir," he observed, "to occasion this change towards me, since yesterday? The mere circumstance of my having been unexpectedly and unavoidably detained last night, to an hour inconsistent with your regular habits, is not—"

"I do not wish to interfere in any degree with your engagements, Mr. Montgomery," interrupted Mr. Levison, with assumed indifference; "you are your own master—and I have no right to interfere, either with your hours, or the way in which you may please to dispose of them; but, though I must not dictate to you, you must allow me to be the best judge of my own family affairs. I do

not choose the female part of my family should associate with improper company."

"Improper company!" repeated Denzil, blushing with surprise and vexation. "Do you mean sir, to say that I am improper company?"

"I do mean to say that any young man, possessing such effrontery as to leave this house the moment he rises from a bed of sickness, to repair to a scene of vice and debauchery, and can return at morning light to a peaceful and regular family, must be improper company for modest females."

"That is not my situation, sir," returned Denzil, with firmness, "I left this house for no such purpose—nor did I pass my time in any such manner."

"Will you look me in the face, and say that you did not drive from here directly to a house—the noted resort of—"

"I am not prepared to enter into any explanation of where I went last night, sir," interrupted Denzil, "but I again explicitly and solemnly deny that I either went or remained for any purpose of which I have reason to be ashamed."

"I will tell you what it is, Mr. Denzil Montgomery," observed Mr. Levison; "I have ever acted towards you in a manner to deserve your confidence; and I consider myself treated with great disrespect, in the mystery you have chosen to assume towards me. We cannot live together on such terms; but there are other matters in your conduct with which I am dissatisfied."

"I am willing to give you every satisfaction, sir, in my power; it is as much my inclination as my duty so to do," replied Denzil, in a submissive tone. "Inform me then, what part of my conduct displeases you, and I will, if possible, remove the cause of complaint."

"Excuse me, sir," returned Mr. Levison, with emotion, "you must have been sensible, I am sure, that when I so far yielded my own feelings to your happiness, as to bring Fanny Levison here, I expected proportionate gratitude and joy on your part. I did not expect that she was to be treated with contempt or contumely, or that you would prefer, to her society, that of an abandoned woman, or that—"

"You are mistaken, sir—indeed you are mistaken!" exclaimed Denzil, with great agitation. "I have never treated Fanny with contempt—she is dearer to me than my own existence, but—"

"But what, sir? Why do you not proceed?" interrupted Mr. Levison, in a stern tone.

"You are undoubtedly aware, sir, that I am now perfectly acquainted with the unhappy circumstances connected with my birth and Fanny's—"

"Quit the room, sir! instantly quit this room," vociferated Mr. Levison, starting up from his seat. "Leave me, this instant—leave me, presumptuous and ungrateful villain, lest I forget—"

Miss Rachel rushed into the room—"Brother, dear brother—Denzil, for heaven's sake, what have you done? What have you said?"

Denzil was about to speak, but the violence of Miss Rachel's pathetic entreaties that he would leave the room, at length prevailed, and reluctantly he retreated into the adjoining apartment determined to wait the success of Miss Rachel's endeavors to calm her brother's passion. One hour, however, elapsed without his being summoned as he expected. His first emotion had been sorrow, at having excited such feelings in the bosom of one whom he so sincerely respected; but the more he reflected,

the more unreasonable did it appear that Mr. Levison should give way to such violence, upon a subject on which he certainly was much less interested than Denzil himself.

"If it is painful for him to recollect those unhappy circumstances," he exclaimed, "how much more reason have I to feel them! Yes, he is unreasonable, unjust! he is more; for his conduct is absurd, and irreconcilable with common sense!"

Finding that no message came from Mr. Levison, he rang for Ned, being determined no longer to delay his visit to his mother. The first sight of the countenance of his servant told him that something extraordinary had occurred, and he instantly demanded what it was.

"Nothing has happened to me, sir," replied Ned, promptly; "but I am struck all of a heap, as I may say, to think that my old master and the ladies are going off at a moment's notice and we are to be left behind."

"And are they going back to England?" demanded Denzil in astonishment.

"I can't make that out," returned Ned, "nor I don't think they'll let us know, if they can help it any way—for Sarah says that Miss Fanny don't know even if Miss Rachel does, and she ain't sure of that. But Miss Fanny is crying her eyes out, and Miss Rachel, though she is so busy in packing up that she has scarcely time to breathe, seems to be in terrible trouble and anxiety."

Denzil remained for some moments, totally lost in astonishment and perplexity.

"Surely—surely," he exclaimed, "there must be some mystery in this, that I do not comprehend! It can never be that my simple allusion to circumstances which I ought long since to have been acquainted with, has given rise to this violent resentment."

When Denzil reached the house in which his mother lay, the surgeon met him at the door with a most favorable report of his patient; and Denzil was himself astonished to see the change, for the better, that had taken place in her appearance. He acquainted her with the circumstances which had resulted in the expected departure of Mr. Levison from Paris, which gave her uneasiness on his account; but Denzil assured her that the whole arose from some misconception on the part of Mr. Levison, which would, probably be explained.

"It was near Mr. Levison's usual dinner hour when Denzil reached the hotel, on his return from his morning's visit; and as he passed the room-door in which they were accustomed to take that meal, he ventured to look in, in the hope that the preparations for it would announce that the former had changed, or, at least, delayed his hasty purpose! all there was empty and desolate. He paused at the drawing-room to listen—but no sound proceeded from thence, and he opened the door. That, too, was vacant, and as he stood wondering, his servant Ned entered behind him.

"They are all gone, sir—bag and baggage!" he exclaimed, "and where, nobody can tell; for even the postillions did not know which road they were to take, when they mounted their horses."

Denzil received this information with more of sorrow than astonishment. Slowly he walked from room to room, in hopes of discovering some memorial to show that they still regarded him with kindly feelings; but he was disappointed; they had left nothing.

"And Fanny!" he ejaculated, "with all her

grief and regret, it seems, thought proper to adopt the resentful feelings of her father. Her father, did I say? Can it be possible that she still considers him as her father? that she is still deceived as I was—"

A thousand strange surmises darted into his mind.

Was it possible, after all, that his mother was deceived, and that Fanny was not his sister? Could that account for Mr. Levison's conduct at the mention of her birth? "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "and if this should be really the truth—if it should prove that we do not owe our origin to the same parents—how have I blindly thrown away my happiness, at the very moment it was in my power to secure it."

He now desired to discover the road they had taken, in order to demand an explanation of the mystery. "Yes," he exclaimed, "even if I were forbidden ever to hope that I could become her husband, it would be happiness to know that I dare to love her—that I might in secret worship her image, and dwell on the remembrance of those happy hours, in which we vowed eternal fidelity to each other, without guilt and without remorse!"

Vain, however, were all his efforts. Every one around him seemed bound by some spell to frustrate his inquiries, and the evening arrived without his having gained the slightest clue to the road they had taken.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

A LOOK INTO THE GRAVE.

With trembling step I approach the grave, and with downcast eyes look into its dreary abode. There lie the learned as well as the illiterate. The venerable sage, whose "head was silvered o'er with age," and the orator to whose eloquence nations have listened with profound admiration, take up their dwelling here, while kings and princes, earthly potentates and warlike chiefs make it their common bed. The infant, too, with the tear half fallen from its lovely cheek, and the mighty conqueror, who once with his steel-clad millions thundered over the field of battle, have their habitation in the tomb. The sacred bard, whose numbers flowed as sweetly as the gentle zephyrs, and the holy prophet who foretold the Messiah's advent, are sleeping with their fathers, while historians who recorded their transactions are numbered with the dead. Yes, all the various tribes of the earth make this their common home. A death-like stillness reigns within the gloomy cavern, and ghostly apparitions seem to haunt the dreary mansion.

Terrified and astonished, I shrink from the melancholy sight; but lo, as I am about to leave the vaults of death, I hear a voice from within, which calls me away to my destiny, and bids me prepare to meet my God. The cold chills of death begin to gather thick around me, my sun is already sinking below the horizon, the hopes of life are fled, and my soul shudders at the darkness which surrounds me.

Farewell then, O earth, with all thy gaudy toys, for I must leave you; farewell, my beloved home, the place of my birth and my childhood; farewell, ye fields and flowery lawns—my innocent delights; farewell, my dearest friends, to whom I feel bound by the strongest earthly ties—farewell, I say, for I must shortly be gone. But where am I to go?

Nature, reason, and revelation answer; to the cold and silent grave. Through yonder "dark valley and shadows" I must pass, without a single star to gleam upon the dreary darkness, or a light to guide me through the shades of death.

But stop! The grave assumes a different aspect. Let me draw a little nearer still, and look once more into the vaulted sepulchre where I must shortly lie. From whence proceeds that brilliant light that now illuminates the mansion of the dead? What angel form is that which sits upon the sepulchre? Why is Hope written in such glowing characters on the coffin-lid? What mighty conqueror has prevailed, to loose the potent seals, and break the bonds of death asunder? It is the day-star from on high that dispels the darkness of the grave, and brightens with its cheering rays, the charnel-house, where rests the quiet dead. The angel of God visits that silent abode, to tell us the Savior has risen, and that we have a glorious hope, full of immortality, which looks beyond the grave. "The Lion of the tribe of Judah has prevailed, to loose the 'sacred seals,' and break the bonds of death."

And shall I now fear to take up my abode with the slumberers of the tomb? O no, for my Savior has been there. He has made the grave a safe deposit for mortal clay, where we may rest until awakened by the trump of God. The mighty Counsellor, the Prince of Peace, has consented to bear our burdens, and to accompany us through the vale of death. Lo, he ascends from earth, and a voice is heard to echo through the skies: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

Begone then, vain world, with all thy glittering toys; I do not hesitate to leave you. Farewell, sweet home, with all thy endearments; I am hastening to a home where I shall delight to dwell forever. Adieu, ye scenes of innocent delight, and ye friends of my youth; I leave you to join Him whom my soul loves. I will go at His command, for He bids me rise, and although my mortal frame shall corrupt and waste away, yet my spirit shall soar on high, and join the heavenly choir.

* * * * *

The world recedes from my vision, the grave closes in upon me, eternity opens to my view, and I enter a state of immortal existence. IRENE.

BIOGRAPHY.



HANDEL.

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL, the son of an eminent physician, was born, in 1684, at Halle, in Saxony. His father intended him for the law, but as nothing could overcome the musical bent of the youthful Handel's mind, he reluctantly consented to his being instructed in music. His first master was Zachau, an organist, and he began to compose

in the ninth year of his age. After having struggled through considerable difficulties, but still kept rising in reputation, he visited Italy in 1708; remained there, much admired, during two years; and then returned to Germany, and entered into the service of the elector of Hanover, who was afterwards George I. The accession of that prince to the British throne fixed Handel in England. In 1720 he was placed at the head of the Italian opera; but this event, which seemed to promise fame and riches, ended in such severe loss that his liberty was often endangered by angry creditors. After twenty years of vexation and unavailing efforts, he bade a final adieu to the opera. His Oratorios, however, saved him from ruin, and he ultimately accumulated a second fortune, of no despicable magnitude. Eight years previous to his death, he was wholly deprived of sight; and it was an affecting circumstance to see him led to the organ, and hear him perform his own pathetic composition of "Total eclipse, without all hope of day," from the Samson Agonistes of that immortal bard who may be considered as the Handel of poets. This in many respects matchless composer died April 13, 1758.

GEORGE CLYMER.

GEORGE CLYMER was born in the city of Philadelphia, in 1739. His father emigrated from Bristol, in England, and became connected by marriage with a lady of Philadelphia. Young Clymer was left an orphan at the age of seven years, and after the completion of his studies he entered the counting-house of his maternal uncle. At a subsequent period, he established himself in business, in connection with Mr. Robert Ritchie, and afterwards with a father and son of the name of Meredith, a daughter of the former of whom he married.

Although engaged in mercantile pursuits for many years, Mr. Clymer was never warmly attached to them, but devoted a great part of his time to literature and the study of the fine arts. He became also well versed in the principles of law, history, and politics, and imbibed an early detestation of arbitrary rule and oppression. When all hopes of conciliation with the parent country had failed, he was one of the foremost to adopt measures necessary for a successful opposition. He accepted a captain's commission in a company of volunteers, raised for the defence of the province, and vigorously opposed, in 1773, the sale of tea, which tended indirectly to levy a tax upon the Americans, without their consent. He was appointed chairman of a committee to wait upon the consignees of the offensive article, and request them not to sell it. The consequence was, that not a single pound of tea was offered for sale in Philadelphia.

In 1775, Mr. Clymer was chosen a member of the council of safety, and one of the first continental treasurers. On the 20th of July, of the following year, he was elected a member of the Continental Congress. Though not present when the vote was taken in relation to a declaration of independence, he had the honor of affixing his signature to that instrument in the following month. In December, Congress, finding it necessary to adjourn to Baltimore, in consequence of the advance of the British army towards Philadelphia, left Mr. Clymer, Robert Morris, and George Walton, a committee to transact such business as remained unfinished, in that city. In 1777, Mr. Clymer was again a member of Congress; and his labors during that session

being extremely arduous, he was obliged to retire for a season, to repair his health. In the autumn of the same year, his family, which then resided in the county of Chester, suffered severely from an attack of the British; escaping only, with the sacrifice of considerable property. Mr. Clymer was then in Philadelphia. On the arrival of the enemy in that place, they sought out his place of residence, and were only diverted from razing it to the ground, by learning that it did not belong to him. During the same year, he was sent, in conjunction with others, to Pittsburg, to enlist warriors from the Shawnee and Delaware tribes of Indians, on the side of the United States. While residing at Pittsburg, he narrowly escaped death from the tomahawk, by accidentally turning from a road, where he afterwards learned a party of hostile savages lay encamped.

On the occasion of the establishment of a bank by Robert Morris and other patriotic citizens of Philadelphia, for the purpose of relieving the army, Mr. Clymer, who gave his active support to the measure, was chosen director of the institution. He was again elected to Congress in 1780, and for two years was a laborious member of that body. In 1782, he removed with his family to Princeton, (N. J.) but in 1784, he was summoned by the citizens of his native State, to take a part in their General Assembly. He afterwards represented Pennsylvania in Congress for two years; when declining a re-election, he closed his long and able legislative career.

In 1791, Congress passed a bill imposing a duty on spirits distilled in the United States. To the southern and western part of the country, this measure proved very offensive. Mr. Clymer was placed at the head of the excise department in the State of Pennsylvania; but he was soon induced to resign the disagreeable office. In 1796, he was appointed, with Colonel Hawkins and Colonel Pickens, to negotiate a treaty with the Cherokee and Creek Indians, in Georgia. He sailed for Savannah, accompanied by his wife. The voyage proved extremely unpleasant and perilous; but having completed the business of the mission, they returned to Philadelphia. Mr. Clymer was afterwards called to preside over the Philadelphia Bank, and the Academy of Fine Arts. He held these offices till the period of his death, which took place on the 23d of January, 1813, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He was of a studious and contemplative cast of mind, and eager to promote every scheme for the improvement of his country. His intellect was strong and cultivated, his character amiable and pure, and his integrity inviolable. He was singularly punctual in the discharge of his duties, and was a man of extensive information and the smallest pretensions.

MISCELLANY.

REPUTATION.

To acquire a good reputation, should be the study of every young man. He is surrounded by those who, notwithstanding their seeming indifference to his course and principles, watch the bent of his inclinations and mark every step he takes. If he deviates from a virtuous life—if he associates with the profligate—if he disregards his word—it places his character in a doubtful light, and those who would be ready to render him assistance, withhold their influence and never speak a word in his favor.

How important then, then young men should labor to acquire a good moral character, and never do an act that will bring the least stain upon their fair names—more especially if they are dependant upon others for support. The reason why so few succeed in business and stand high in the estimation of the public is, they feel too independent of others, and pursue courses at variance with strict integrity, as if no one had a right to question their conduct. They are headstrong and care not for the opinions of those who are old and experienced, and thereby lose their reputation, which should be as dear to them as life, and which, as the poet says, "is the immediate jewel of their souls."

Young men, if you are about commencing business for yourselves, be extremely careful how you conduct. In all your dealings let honesty and integrity characterize you. If you are tempted by golden prospects to break your sacred word—if wealth is held out before you, as an inducement to bring a blight upon your reputation, for the world do not yield. If you once break over the barriers of honesty, your downward course will be certain and rapid. The first deviation from truth paves the way for future ruin. For all the gold in Christendom, do not swerve from duty—for your right hand do not deceive and injure another—for your life, do no sear your conscience and be pointed out as one in whom none can confide—whom none can trust.

If you look over the past histories of those who have fallen into sin and disgraced their names—who are now miserable tools, despised by all who know them—you will find with scarcely an exception, that their ruin was commenced by being too greedy of gain. Wealth was before them, and to acquire property was comparatively easy. A little deception—a few untruths—and their object would be accomplished. Without reflecting, that if they failed it would be their utter ruin, they yielded to the temptation. Success it may be, crowned their efforts at first, which only made them more anxious to persevere in the wrong path, till at last they ventured far, far beyond what they had ever anticipated, and were lost—lost to themselves, their families and to the world.

Young man, beware how you forget your duty and lightly esteem your reputation. Let nothing seduce your virtue—nothing deprive you of those conscientious scruples that now prompt you to a course of integrity and virtue. Let it be your aim, not so much to acquire property as to secure a good name—a noble reputation—so that all men can confide in you and trust you. With such an end in view, should misfortune frown upon you, friends will fly to your assistance, who have watched your progress, and exert themselves to the utmost to promote your welfare. A man of integrity is never in want of friends for any length of time. He will be assisted, sustained and encouraged. Remember this then, ye who are on the threshold of life—who have just started in a career of business—and while you choose to be governed by virtuous principles and eschew all evil designs—all unholy courses—you will flourish in what you undertake—be respected and beloved, and secure a name that will be above all praise.

THE STRAIGHT WAY TO HEAVEN.

An itinerant preacher of more zeal than discretion, was in the habit of accosting those he met in his walks, and inquiring into their spiritual welfare.

Passing through a small village, he met a simple country fellow driving a cart loaded with corn. "Do you believe in God, sir?" said he to the countryman. "Yes sir," was the instant reply. "Do you read your bible, pray to your Maker, and attend divine worship regularly?" and this string of questions was also answered in the affirmative. "Go on your way rejoicing my lad," continued he, "you are in the high way to heaven." Clodpole flourished his whip, and drove on much delighted, no doubt, with the agreeable intelligence. Another person came up by this time, and he also was interrogated with an unceremonious "Do you believe in God, sir?" "What have you to do, sir with what I believe?" replied the person accosted, with a look of surprise. "You are in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity," cried the offended preacher: "Look at that poor lad ahead, whistling and driving his cart—he is on the straight way to heaven." "It may be so," replied the honest farmer, "but to my certain knowledge, if he's going there, he's going with a cart-load of stolen corn!" *English paper.*

ANECDOTE FOR THE JUNIOR TEETOTALLERS.

JOHN what are you doing with that cat? pray let her alone," said Mrs. Sands to her little boy; "let her alone I bid you."

"I aint hurting her ma; you know we've all signed the pledge but her, and I'm going to have her sign her name too, so she shall be a tee-totalter too, that's all," said the little fellow, as he kept tugging away to get pussy's fore paw.

Mrs. Sands now resolved to let him alone, and see how he would succeed, so she stifled her laughter and watched him, as he grasped her paw, and placing an old stump of a pen between her toes, scrawled some hieroglyphics on an old copy of a pledge before the cat could free herself.

"There ma, the cat's signed the pledge, now we're all tee-totalters," said the delighted boy, as he pursued the new member in the hall whither she had retreated. This incident was nearly forgotten, until a few days past, Mrs. Sands saw John chase the cat out of the street, through the hall and back into the yard, striking her with a stick whenever he came nigh enough. Mrs. Sands was greatly astonished at this, and calling him in gave him a reprimand, with a hint that she would by and by serve him as he served the cat, concluding with—"What did you whip her so hard for, you naughty child?" "Oh ma! ma! she deserved whipping; I saw her come out out of Deacon Alden's rum shop; I saw her come out ma, and you know ma she signed the pledge the other day."

It is hoped that two footed tee-totalters will profit by this, and not run such risks as John's cat did.

THE COAL MERCHANT.

"JEMMY, my son, just throw into the load of pine coal a basket of the best maple, birch and elder, and scatter it about well; it needs something to make a jingle. Now I'll start for market."

"Have some coal to-day, marm?"

"What sort have you, sir?"

"As nice of the kind as you ever saw—the best part of it maple, birch and elder, with a pine stick here and there."

"We'll have a dozen bushels."

The bin is filled, the dollar paid, and the merchant drives on to the next door. Soon as the

dust subsides, the bin is visited, and the quality discovered. The master smutty nose is sent for; he comes back, and coolly looks upon the bin.

"Now, sir, I want you take this pine coal and those brand-ends back, and give me my dollar, or I will let the neighbors know what a cheat you are."

"A cheat! Why, good woman, I never heard such a charge before in all my born days. I told you just what the coal was before you bought it."

"Did you not say that the greatest part of it was from hard wood?"

"No, marm, I said the *best* part—and so it is."

"You did not tell me that it was half brand-ends."

"Good woman, I told you there was a pine *stick* here and there, and you see them here and there—if they had been burnt, we should have called it pine coal. No, no, marm, you do us great injustice to say that we coal merchants cheat. There are tricks in all trades but ours. Good morning, marm."

ANECDOTE.

A CLERGYMAN Farmer in New England had two things to do at once: rye to thresh out, and a sermon to write. To accomplish both at the same time being inconvenient, he hired men to work by the day in his barn; while at no great distance from them, he wrought in his study. Theology and threshing being both together in his head, he could not help checking the course of his pen now and then to listen to the sound of the flail. Imagine his astonishment and consternation when he heard (I mean the flail) singing very distinctly, but in very long metre, "by-the-day; by-the-day;" and, after a rest or two, "by-the-day"—then would come a long pause, and after it another stave of the same song. The parson left his sermon, and bargained with his laborers by the job. He had not time to seat himself by the desk again, before the flail began in Allegro, "By the job, job, job, the job, the job, the job, job, job,"—and the racket in the barn forced him to retreat from his study, and finish the sermon at a neighboring house.

A DOLLAR A DAY AND FOUND.

A GENTLEMAN who resides in the vicinity of the city, and whose early mornings are devoted to the culture of a large garden which is attached to his house, finding himself somewhat behind hand in his horticultural department last spring, accosted a tidy-looking Irishman, who was passing one morning, with the inquiry if he "would like a job?"

"Sure, sir, and it's that same I'm looking after," said Paddy in a rich brogue, which won upon the heart of him by whom he was addressed, and who immediately replied,

"I shall want you four days—what wages do you ask for?"

"Why, sir," returned the son of Erin, "as I live a good bit away from this, and my going home for *males* will bother me day's work, while an extra mouth at yer honor's kitchen table is nothing at all, I'll just come for a *dollar a day* and you shall find me."

This was agreed to, and as Pat had his rent to pay the next day, and wanted something for the *childers*, the gentleman paid him four dollars on the spot, and the work was to be commenced the next day. The next day, however, and the next, and then the whole four days passed by, and Pat was never seen at the garden or the gate.

It might have been a month after the occurrence above related took place, when the parties meeting

by accident in the street, Pat was accosted by his former employer, in an angry tone, with—

"Well, sir, and why did you not come to work for me, according to your agreement?"

"Sure, sir," said Patrick, with a respectful twitch at the rim of his well worn hat, "it's meself that was ready to do my part of the bargain, but yer honor's at fault this time, any how."

"And pray, how?" asked the other.

"It's yerself, I'll not deny, your honor agreed to give me a *dollar and find me*."

"And didn't I give you a dollar a day, and pay you beforehand, too?"

"Thru' for you—yer honor did that same—ye did give me the dollar a day, but—didn't *find me*!"

"Find you, you scoundrel! I ransacked every street in town; but where were you?"

"Shooting at Muddy Pond woods, yer honor!"

The gentleman gave Pat a dollar, and told him to call at the garden when he wanted work—but to be sure to *find himself*.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.—Life may be eked out with pleasure, but it must be mainly filled up by business; and he who should persevere in the vain attempt to fill up his time with amusements, would then find it too late to take up any serious pursuit and be compelled to drag out a miserable existence, haunted by the ghosts of his defunct pleasures, in the shape of ennui, restlessness and melancholy.

A POSER.—"Behold the fruits of drunkenness," said a landlord to an only daughter, whom he almost idolized, as he kicked a poor inebriate into the street. "Poor fellow! I see," replied the daughter. "Let me caution you to beware and not to get a drunken husband." "Who makes the drunkards, father?" The landlord sloped. The last question was a poser.

A FRENCHMAN stopping at a tavern, asked for Jacob. "There is no such person here," said the landlord. "'Tis no *personne* I want, sure, but de beer make warm with de pokere," he replied. "O, ho!" exclaimed the host, "that is flip." "Oui oui, sare, you vara right," said the overjoyed Frank, "I meant Philip!"

Opinions of the Press.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY.—We have received the first number of the 20th volume of the "Rural Repository." It is beautifully embellished with two neat and appropriate engravings. It is neatly printed, and filled with choice articles and published semi-monthly, at the low price of *one dollar* per annum. Subscriptions received at this office and promptly forwarded.—*Findlay Courier, Ohio*.

RURAL REPOSITORY.—The name of a semi-monthly paper—much improved from the old form, in its typographical appearance, it cannot be beat. It is published by W. B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. at the low price of \$1, per year.—*Weekly Courier, Undulla, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—The foregoing is the title of a very neat little Literary paper published at Hudson, N. Y. at the unusually low rate of five shillings (one dollar,) per annum. The Rural Repository is published every other Saturday in Quarto form, and embellished with numerous engravings. Specimen numbers may be seen at our office, where names of Subscribers will be received and forwarded. It only requires a view of the work to ensure subscribers.—*St. Stephen's Courant, N. B.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—We are again in the receipt of this very pretty sheet, it having been suspended some weeks to enable the publisher to remodel his office. The Repository, though it makes fewer pretensions than some of its contemporaries, and never boasts of publishing a large amount of matter which is never read, nevertheless always furnishes

choice articles of miscellaneous literature. It deserves, and we hope receives, a liberal support. Price \$1, in advance.—We shall be happy to forward to the Publisher any subscriptions free of expense.—*Mayville Sentinel, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—This is the title of a semi-monthly journal, published at Hudson, by Wm. B. Stoddard, at \$1, per year. Each number comprises eight quarto pages, composed chiefly of original tales and poetry, and at least one well-executed wood engraving. The Repository has stood the test of *nineteen years*: pretty good evidence that the editor knows how to cater for the public taste. A new volume commenced on the 26th of August. Subscriptions will be received at this office.—*Geneva Courier, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—We have received the third number of the 20th volume of that neat and interesting semi-monthly paper, the Rural Repository. The Repository has again been improved in its appearance and the greatest recommendation to public favor in its long, successful career, while others of far greater pretensions have been numbered among the things that were. Its beautiful typography with its uniform, useful, and interesting reading, needs only to be seen and perused, to recommend itself to the public. Specimens may be seen at this office.—*Democratic Reflector, Hamilton, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—The third number of the *twentieth* volume of this highly esteemed and popular semi-monthly paper is now before us, richly stored with choice and valuable literature. The Repository is decidedly the cheapest and best literary paper extant, afforded for *one dollar* per annum *in advance*. Each number contains eight beautifully printed pages, quarto form.—*Washington County Post, N. Y.*

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

A. S. Rock City, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. Peterboro', N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$2.00; P. F. Bloomville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Madison, N. C. \$1.00; J. A. W. St. Louis, Mo. \$1.00; W. G. P. Nantucket, Ms. \$1.00; S. M. M. Sheboygan Falls, Wis. Ter. \$1.00; G. T. H. Greenville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Yorkshire, N. Y. \$3.00; R. C. Rondout, N. Y. \$5.00; E. W. Hyde Park, Pa. \$1.00; P. M. Glenn's Falls, N. Y. \$3.00; S. T. C. Wolcott, N. Y. \$1.00; G. E. F. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; W. E. P. Mechanicsville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. K. B. Clarence, N. Y. \$1.00; M. B. Marenco, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. W. Centre Lisle, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. C. Finchville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. C. Red Hook, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. North Brookfield, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. G. Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00; M. B. B. Chicago, Ill. \$1.00; T. B. W. New Village, N. J. \$1.00; C. P. A. Chicago, Ill. \$1.00; P. M. Oleott, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. West Burlington, N. Y. \$1.00; H. F. S. Amity, N. Y. \$1.00; I. P. Shultzville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. Potsdam, N. Y. \$4.00; R. C. G. Richfield, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Gaines, N. Y. \$3.00.

Married.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wescott, Mr. Abram M. Haight, to Miss Sarah E. Sackett, daughter of Mr. Norman Sackett all of New Lebanon.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Van Buren, Cornelius B. Plasse, to Catherine J. Shults, all of Claverack.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Warren Reynolds, of Chatham, to Miss Hannah, daughter of Amos Carpenter, of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Alexander Walden of this city, to Miss Mary W. Smith, of New Marlboro', Mass.

At Clinton, Oneida Co. on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Davis, Albert B. Fitch, Esq. of Stockport, Col. Co. to Eveline G. daughter of Mr. Orange Foote, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening the 10th inst. by the Rev. E. S. Porter, of Chatham, Mr. Josiah Hunt, of Springfield, Mass. to Deborah M. daughter of Capt. Peter Groat, jr. of the town of Ghent.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. J. D. Fonda, Mr. Milo Marshall, to Miss Fanny Snyder.

Also, by the same, on the 11th inst. Mr. Henry S. Milham to Miss Cornelia M. Van Deusen.

At Spencertown, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Sebastian Pultz, of Mellenville, to Miss Sophia L. Bemiss, of the former place.

At Austerlitz, Oct. 11th by the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. George Van Deusen, of Chatham, to Miss Diantha M. daughter of Aaron Blinn, Esq. of the former place.

Died.

In this city, on the 5th inst. Robert W. Hallenbeck, in his 21st year.

On the 5th inst. Susan W. Griswold, in her 21st year.

On the 7th inst. Abraham Brando, aged 27 years.

At Clermont, on the 4th inst. George C. Beckman, Esq. of the city of New-York.

At New-Lebanon, on the 10th inst. Gale Bigelow, aged 76 years.

At Claverack, on the 14th inst. Jane Miller, widow of the late Stephen Miller, Esq. in the 85th year of her age.

At Cincinnati, on the 10th inst. Sarah, wife of Bellamy Storer, Esq. and daughter of the late Ebenezer Comstock, of this city, aged 29 years.



Select Poetry.

TO MISS E—— B——.

The Southern Messenger for October, contains two short poems from the pen of the venerable John Quincy Adams, written for young ladies, published by permission, and both bearing date the same day.

Oh, wherefore, Lady, was my lot
Cast, from thy own, so far?
Why, by kind fortune, live we not
Beneath one blessed star?
For, had thy thread of life and mine,
But side by side been spun,
My heart had panted to entwine
The tissue into one.

And why should Time conspire
To sever us in twain?
And wherefore have I run my race,
And cannot start again?
Thy thread how long! how short is mine!
Mine spent—thine scarce begun;
Alas! we never can entwine
The tissue into one.

But take my blessings on thy name:
The blessings of a sire,
Not from a lover's furnace flame—
'Tis from a holier fire:
A thread unseen beside of thine
By fairy forms are spun—
And holier hands shall soon entwine
The tissue into one.

THE LAW OF THE LIPS.

SPEAK kindly to thy fellow man,
Lest he should die, while yet
Thy bitter accent wring his heart,
And make his pale cheek wet.

Speak tenderly to him, for he
Hath many toils to bear;
And he is weak, and often sighs,
As thou dost, under care.

Speak lovingly to him; he is
A brother of thine own;
He well may claim thy sympathies,
Who's bone of thy own bone.

Speak meekly to him: he may be
A holier man than thou—
And fitting it may be for thee
To him with reverence bow.

Speak faithfully to him; thy word
May touch him deep within,
And save his erring soul from death,
And cover o'er his sin.

THE JEWISH PILGRIM AT JERUSALEM.

Are these the ancient, holy hills,
Where angels walked of old?
Is this the land our story fills
With glory not yet cold?
For I have passed through many a shrine,
O'er many a land and sea,
But still, oh! promised Palestine,
My dreams have been of thee.

I see thy mountain cedars green,
Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright as they have been
When Israel's home was there:
Though o'er thee sword and time have passed,
And cross and crescent shone,

And heavily the chain hath pressed,
Yet still thou art our own:

Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblessed through every land,
Whose blood hath stained the polar snow,
And quenched the desert sand!
And thine the homeless hearts that turn
From all earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith for ages borne
In sleepless memory.

For thrones are fallen and nations gone
Before the march of time,
And where the ocean rolled alone
Are forests in their prime;
Since Gentile ploughshare marred the brow
Of Zion's holy hill—
Where are the Roman eagles now?
Yet Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain
A pilgrim of the past?
No! long deferred her hope has been,
But it shall come at last;
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
As from some prophet's urn,
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return.

Oh! lost and loved Jerusalem!
Thy pilgrim may not stay
To see the glad earth's harvest home
In thy redeeming day;
And now resigned in faith and trust,
I seek a nameless tomb;
At least beneath thy hallowed dust—
Oh! give the wanderer room!

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

BY MISS M. H. RAND.

SHE is gone—she is gone—the sad bridal is o'er,
And the face of our loved one shall glad us no more.
She has left the dear haunts of her childhood forever,
A new tie is formed, and all others must sever.
She is gone to the home of a stranger to dwell,
We have loved her too fondly—will he love as well?
Can he ever repay her for all she has left,
The hearts she has sorrowed—the ties she has left?
Their place in her heart can he ever supply,
And the charms of the past, in her memory defy?
New friends will surround her, and kindness will come

To her sorrowing heart, like a vision of home;
But they never can love her so dearly as we—
Like the friends of her childhood they never can be.
Yet she will be happy for one will be there
Who will watch o'er her path with the tenderest care;

She will not regret it, though sadly awhile
She will mourn for her mother's sweet counsel and smile.

Although for a time her fond fancy will roam,
And her heart will be pining from home.
Yet these visions will fade, and no longer alone,
She will share the affections once wholly our own.
With new faces, new kindred, new friends, she will find

A love as enduring—a feeling as kind;
And in her new home she will cease to regret
The joys of the past; yet she *may* not forget!
They will linger around her, and then 'twill be sweet
To think on the time when again we shall meet.
My sister—my loved one—I dare not repine—
Yet thy heart's dearest joys bring but sorrow to mine.
Farewell! oh farewell! may all blessings from
Heaven

Both now and hereafter be unto thee given;
And mayst thou be happy; no tear of regret
For the joy of remembrance will cling round thee yet.

Be happy, dear sister, while we must still mourn
That one link has been severed, one heart has been torn

From the dear household circle so firmly united—
That circle, I fear, by the stroke has been blighted.
No more in its precincts thy footsteps will fall—
We have lost thee, the dearest, the best of us all!

A TRUE FRIEND.

Is he my friend who tells me so,
Perhaps some private end to gain!
Whose heart, just like a gem of snow,
But sparkles in its frosty reign?

'Tis he who makes no loud pretence,
But, like the silent dews of heaven,
Can blessings all unasked dispense,
In noiseless acts of kindness given.

'Tis he who, through life's chequered ways,
When sun bright scenes or clouds appear,
With warm affection still displays
A heart unchanged, a soul sincere.

A Good Chance!

Those who have already sent \$1.00, \$3.00 or \$5.00, can have Three Copies for \$2.00 more; those who have sent \$7.00, can have Five Copies for \$3.00 more, and after they have sent \$10.00, they can have Two Copies for \$1.00.

We would request all our Agents to endeavor to have Subscribers commence with the beginning of the Volume, as we have plenty of Numbers from the commencement, (August 26, 1843,) and we think it will be to their advantage as well as our own for them to commence at the beginning of the volume, and have it complete, instead of two parts which will not answer so well to bind.

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OF THE

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Volume 20th, Commencing August 26, 1843.

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"Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed maiden steal a tear."

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD,
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